

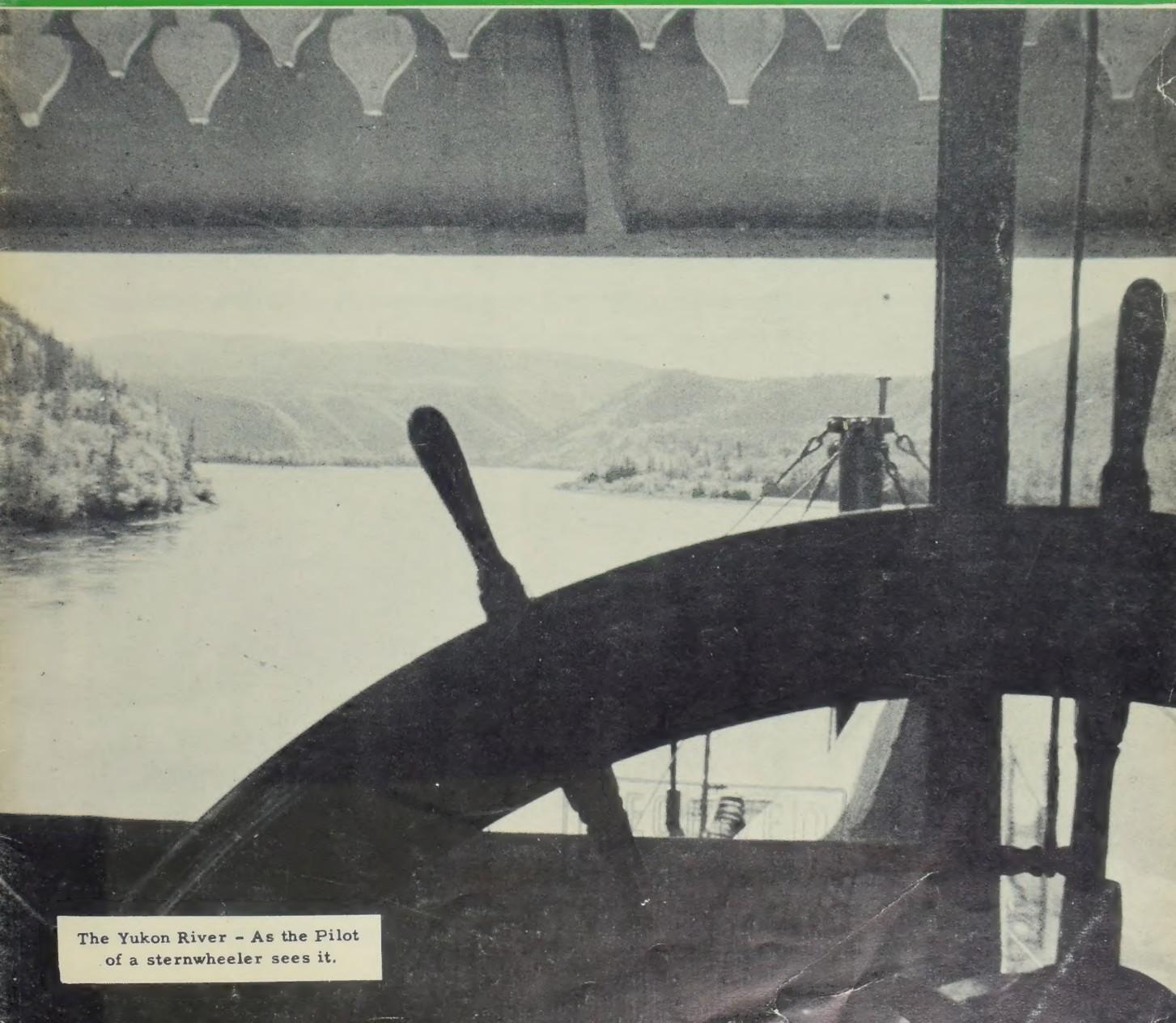
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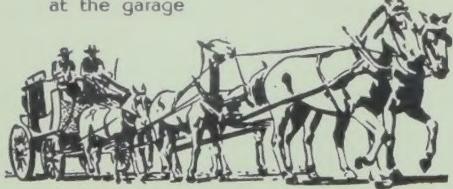
APRIL, 1951 VOLUME 7 NUMBER 4 25c

MONTANA TO THE KLONDYKE
by W. D. MacBride
THERE'S GOUGERS IN THE THEM THAR HILLS
by C. G. Steffens



The Yukon River - As the Pilot
of a sternwheeler sees it.

The Fort Hope Garage is located on the site of the original Hudson Bay Co. Trading Post - built in the early 60s. The lock and key from the original building are on display at the garage



Original H.B.C. Trading Post



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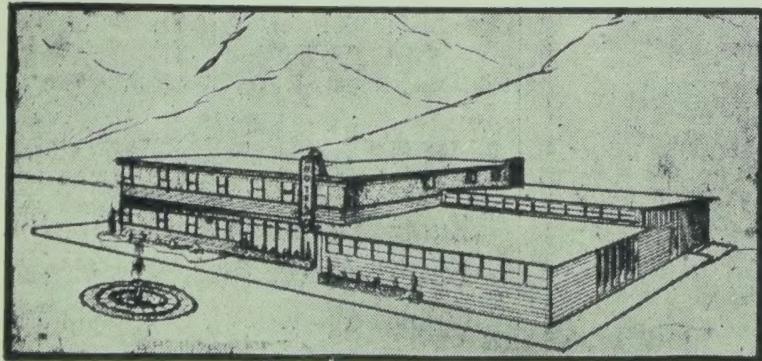


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Artist's drawing of new hotel replacing the one destroyed by fire in 1949

The Charles Hotel

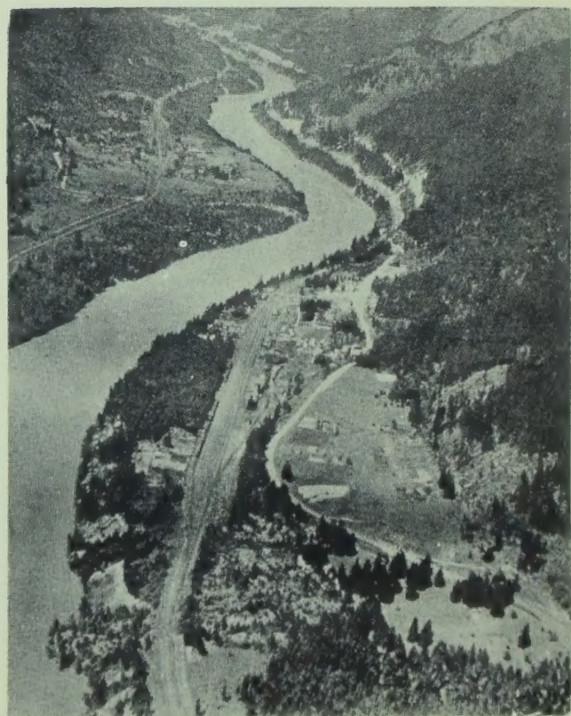
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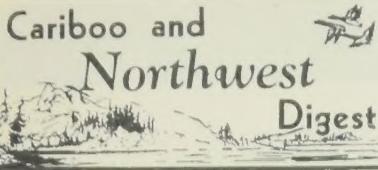


BOSTON BAR

BRITISH COLUMBIA

BOSTON BAR, B.C. - Aero Surveys Photo

In The Heart of The Fraser Canyon on The Original Route To The Cariboo Gold Fields



Published by **Cariboo Digest Ltd.** at
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Contributing Editors J.A. Fraser, E. Collier
Yukon Editor, W.D. MacBride

VOLUME 7 + NUMBER 4



Contents

And Why NOT Join The U.S.A.	3
Delate Klush Muck-A-Muck	4
There's Gougers In Them Thar Hills	6
Montana To The Klondyke	8
For Trappers Only	10
The Hospital Insurance Act	12
New Wells Favour Westcoast	14



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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS



BOUQUETS.

First, I would like to compliment you on the excellent work you did in making a digest of my article which recently appeared in the "B.C. Historical" magazine. This digest was made necessary owing to space restrictions in your publication. I would also like to tell you that I was very agreeably surprised in reading and checking your publication. I had no idea that anything so excellent could be produced in a little old town like Quesnel which, of course, I have not seen for some years. You must have made great headway in being able to publish such a publication in the territory that you have available in Central B.C.

I note what you say about Mr. Williams, who is living in Prince George, and at one time was Purser on one of our steamers. I think this is an error because the Purser on the "B.X." was Stuart Adamson and on the "B.C. Express" W.A. Matheson, who died a few years ago in Prince George.

I would like to again say that I was surprised and pleased with this article, and wish you good luck in your future efforts along the same lines.

W.Jas. West.

Vancouver, B.C.

Keep her coming boy and enclosed is the \$2.50 for another year, with best wishes to your continued success.

Reg. Shaw.

Hudson Hope, B.C.

LARGEST INLAND BODY OF WATER.

I was very interested in the article "Some Observations of a Rambling Angler" by J.R. Bailey which appeared in a recent issue of your magazine. I found, however, a mistake in this article, which although not too drastic, I feel should be corrected, for it leads to wrong geographical ideas and poor publicity.

The statement is made "Kootenay Lake is the largest inland body of water in B.C. covering an area of approximately 175 square miles...." Reliable sources (Canada Year Book, 1950, page 6) show that Kootenay Lake is only the third largest body of water in B.C., Babine Lake, 194 square miles, and Atlin Lake, 307 square miles, both exceed the southern lake.

It is statements like the one quoted above which give both residents of the province and tourists from abroad

incorrect impressions of our Province.
Owen Jones.

Vancouver, B.C.

YOUNG MAN'S COUNTRY.

I am a reader of your magazine, the Cariboo and Northwest Digest, and find it a magazine which does the northland credit. I do enjoy reading it. Altho not a subscriber I have not failed to purchase a copy each month since I got the first one. Intend to become a yearly subscriber in the near future. Have been in the North now for seven months, and should I be driven out I would certainly come back again.

We have a country here which no young man should fail to explore. For it is indeed a young mens land. (At least to me.)

Wishing your magazine a still much larger circulation....

Robert Vance.

Fort Fraser, B.C.

REMEMBERS THE TIME.

I note that you have an article on Bill Miner in the January issue... It will be of interest to me as I recall the great excitement it caused at the time and as I lived in Kamloops later.

G. Forbes, O.M.I.
Vancouver, B.C.

P.S.: Your cartoons are good....

ONE OF THE FIRST.

I have been an interested reader of your magazine for some considerable time, but I have never seen... an account of the Klondyke Expedition via the Stikine River in the year of 1898. I was not what might have been called a Klondyker, but was employed by the McKenzie and Mann Railroad Construction Company, as Timber cruiser for a proposed Railway to be built from Glenora (11 miles west of Telegraph Creek) to Teslin Lake. A great deal could be written about it, I may say I was one of the first of the expedition, fifteen in all, to arrive at Cottonwood Island which is at the mouth of the Stikine. The first night I spent in Alaska is as vivid in my mind as if it happened yesterday... Time, early part of February, snow depth 4 ft., Temperature zero, 40 mile an hour wind, provisions nil, fire none. Two tents, both soaked thru and frozen solid, could not be unrolled. There was another party on the island but neither knew the other existed. How

continued on page 3

Why not from Krupps to Japan?

By A. SAHONOVITCH

UNDOUBTEDLY we Canadians are the world's worst businessmen. We blunder along making pennies and spending dollars and refuse to learn a lesson, economic or political, no matter how well taught. The last world war proved beyond a shadow of a doubt that both western Canada and western U. S. A. needed steel mills. Millions of tons of war materials moved both east and west across the continent taxing railway facilities to the utmost as the accent on the war effort was shifted from the Pacific to the Atlantic and vice versa.

Transportation was the bottleneck - but the railways could have handled everything with ease had it not been for the tremendous amount of steel required by westcoast shipyards. Millions of tons of it were shipped from mills located in the east to Pacific coast yards to be turned into liberty ships, landing craft etc. Today the U. S. has its "western" steel mill - but Canada is still only talking.

An estimated 200 ships, each requiring some 4,000 tons of steel, were put together in Canada's Pacific coast shipyards during the last war. Every ton of this steel was hauled by rail from the east at a time when traffic was so heavy that only "essential" civilian goods were allowed to be moved.

The freight bill on this 800,000 tons of (shipbuilding) steel put approximately \$25 millions into the pockets of the railways. Add to this several hundred thousand tons of structural and other steel used throughout B. C. during the past 20 years and it is safe to estimate that it cost the people of B. C. and Canada some \$50,000,000 in freight bills for NOT having a steel mill west of the Rockies.

Now, with the war smoke billowing in the far East, and a major outbreak expected anywhere, at anytime, the B. C. Government has at last gone all out to aid Pacific Coast industrialists in developing iron ore reserves.... NOT for the purpose of establishing a steel mill in order to promote west-coast industry, alleviate the nation-wide steel shortage, and avert the railway bottleneck of the last war.... but for the purpose of shipping said ore to our former enemy-Japan- at approximately \$10 per ton f. o. b.

In the meantime, the sprawling colossus that was once the German Krupp munitions and arms empire is shortly to enter the heavy equipment field. Instead of forging guns and buzz-bombs with which to blast England it is going to manufacture diesel engines, heavy transport equipment, bridge and structural steel - and one of its main targets is the (steel short) Canadian market. And according to W. J. Keating, formerly of Montreal's Keating Forging and Foundry Co., who is currently negotiating to represent them in Canada, they even hope to sell us arms.

So much for Canadian business acumen and political short-sightedness, not to mention an obvious shortness of memory. In its simple form it amounts to this: We ship a ton of ore to a country which is next door to the iron curtain, and which admittedly cannot be trusted unless under "occupation" - and receive \$10 for it... and we plan to import from a country up against the other edge of the iron curtain, and which also cannot be trusted unless under "occupation," a ton of highly finished steel which will cost us up to \$2000... net loss to

Canada \$1990.00.

And while Canada's lesser geniuses are thus playfully fiddling, with not Rome but the whole civilized world threatening to burn at any moment, the truly great geniuses at Ottawa are busy slapping England in the face. Though we do not manufacture a car in its entirety, they have found need, for what reason heaven only knows, to place an exorbitant "dumping duty" on imported English cars. Like a callow ill-bred youth we mistreat our parents and engulf the stranger in our arms. Yet there is not a thing that we could import from Germany that we couldn't get from Britain - better and cheaper and with more co-operation. And Britain, our parent country, is desperately in need of every dollar Canada can afford to spend outside her borders.

With the international situation in the precarious state that it is, we'd be showing greater common sense if we developed B. C. iron ore reserves the purpose of establishing a steel mill on the Pacific coast - AND LET JAPAN GET HER REQUIREMENTS FROM KRUPPS OF GERMANY - HER FORMER ALLY.....

In the meantime, if we are short of diesel engines and steel we might make our purchases in Britain (even supplying her with ore from Labrador or B. C. if necessary) so that their ration of meat might be increased from 4 to 4 1/2 ounces per week.

What Free Enterprise?

By A. Sahonovitch

TWELVE YEARS ago an Okanagan grower and packer received an order for two carloads of apples from a prairie wholesaler. He loaded the cars with carefully graded and packed apples and billed them through, not to their destination, but to a railroad junction 100 miles from the purchaser. He then hopped a passenger train, beat the slow-moving freight to the junction and had the car re-routed to its ultimate destination where the apples were safely unloaded in the warehouse of the wholesaler. The subterfuge of re-loading slowed down the B. C. Tree Fruit Board sleuths sufficiently to allow completion of the transaction before they caught up with the packer and his apples. The apples reached prairie consumers but the packer was arraigned in a B. C. court - and found GUILTY OF ENGAGING

IN FREE ENTERPRISE. B. C. laws being what they are he could sell only to the B. C. Tree Fruit Board.

Also twelve years ago, a B. C. truck owner, with six people to support and no work for his truck, conceived the idea of hauling fruit and vegetables to northern communities, where, he reasoned, they did not grow fruit, and few vegetables, and there sell them to storekeepers and ranchers. He did so, and found that he could pay the producer more, and charge less, and still make a good hauling charge. This was due to the fact that the products went direct from producer to consumer without the dubious approval and high mark-up of the Coast Vegetable Marketing Board, the B. C. Tree Fruit Board and the wholesaler. The provincial police caught up with the

concluded on page 16

WITH THE AUTHORS

W. D. MacBride, or the "Montana Kid," as he is known to Yukon sour-doughs, is back with us again, with an article entitled "From Montana to the Klondike - 1898." The article, in three parts, is an account of a trek over the famous Stikine Trail to Dawson City, during the height of the gold rush; of a winter spent there during which men died like flies, and of a later trip to the (at that time) unknown headwaters of the White River where native copper was found in chunks weighing up to a ton weight.

In relating the experiences of this trek, the "Montana Kid" is writing about his own step-father, Frank R. Miles, and W. D. not only quotes from Miles' diary but from his many letters to the "Kid."

The "Kid" was born in Butte, Montana, and was first bitten by the northern "bug" when as a lad he visited Skagway in 1899, the year his father made the trip up the White River. He returned as soon as he could (1912) and took a position with the White Pass and Yukon Route, which operated a narrow-gauge railway between tide-water at Slagway through the extremely rugged coast range to Whitehorse in addition to a fleet of river steamers. He has remained with the company ever since.



The "Montana Kid"

Recalling the thrill of his first visit to Skagway in 1899, and realizing that he had witnessed events of historical significance, he began gathering facts and amassing data on early events preceding and following the Klondike Gold Rush, and today has so much factual information at his finger tips (with photos and documents to bear him out) that he has furnished material for a dozen books and articles to visiting journalists - some of whom had the grace to acknowledge the source of their material - but most of whom "didn't even have the grace to send me a complimentary copy," said W. D.

Mr. MacBride is a member of the Yukon Fish and Game Protective Association, the Western Canada - Yukon Fish and Game Council, and the Outdoor Writer's Association of America with a dozen or more articles to his credit.

LETTERS,

(continued from page 1)

we made out would make an interesting story. I may also say that I helped to build and take up the first boat that went up the Stikine in '98. Three of us took it up, an 11 day trip from Cottonwood Island to Glenora. We fought drift ice all the way up. We were taking up some very important mail for Neil Keith, who was at that time at Telegraph Creek. Keith was chief of construction. . . I could tell of many incidents of that time. . . some amusing, some not.

Thomas J. Walton.
Fort Fraser, B.C.

A three-part article covering a trip over the Stikine trail to Dawson City starts with this issue. —ED.

I read with interest your story, "The Fighting MacLeans," particularly so because I recently enjoyed a fishing trip through the same district: that is Stump Lake, Quilcene, Kelly Lake and Peter Hope Lake.

Charles V. Mettler.
Tacoma, Wash. U.S.



And Why NOT Join The U.S. ?

By F.W. LINDSAY

UPON reading Neuberger's article on Canada and the United States becoming one country, I was at first highly indignant. I could hardly wait to reach my typewriter and hurl a blast of well-chosen invectives at this unfunny proposal. My mind was full of the glories of being a Canadian. Words pertaining to liberty and freedom and all the other platitudinous phrases of this generation rushed to my lips. "Join the U. S. A." I muttered, "and give up all our liberty and take the dirty end of the stick! Not much, no chance, who the ruddy heck does Neuberger think he is?" And then the still small voice of conscience asked, "what freedom, what liberty?"

Well may my conscience ask "what freedom? What liberty?" There is no religious freedom in a country when adherents of a faith contrary to that of the majority can be stoned, as were the Baptists of Quebec as recently as 1950.

There is no political freedom surely when a graduate of law can be refused admission to the bar, as was a student of U. B. C. in 1949.

There can be no freedom of the press when a man's life work can be shattered as was the work of a well known contributor to Canada's self-styled national magazine because he chose to differ in his thinking from the hide-bound mental giants who edit this particular magazine.

"Ah, but think of the negroes." I told myself. "Think of the treatment meted out to the negroes in the deep south. Are we not better than these people who treat the negroes so terribly?"

And suddenly I was ashamed, for we in Canada treat our minorities with equal disdain and will not even allow some really great American negro singers to enter our so fastidious hotels. Up until a very short time ago eastern Canadians would not

allow Jews to use their so wonderful bathing beaches, and right now in the west the Jews of Vancouver must buy their own golf-links in order to play this game because our western businessmen, those lovers of liberty and fair play refuse to allow the Jewish businessmen to join their sacrosanct fraternities.

So it is too with several of our animal cracker fraternal organizations which refuse admittance to the orientals, regardless of the fact that these same orientals have in many cases served their country overseas and at home with far greater fervor and to far better purpose than many of the mis-named patriots who fill these animal cracker societies with their rotund and bellicose personalities.

"But think of our natural resources," I said to myself. "All the Americans want is to skim the cream

concluded on page 13

"DELATE KLUSH MUCK-A-MUCK"

By CLIFFORD R. KOPAS

THE INDIANS are raising a stink today!

All up and down the B. C. coast, where-ever a stream comes brawling and roaring out of the Coast Range to mingle its waters with the "Salt-chuck" of the Pacific Ocean, there is being staged an industry that is older than the fur-trade, that is more picturesque than the Chinook language and is more odoriferous than a dozen uninhabited fertilizer plants.

For the stink the Indians are raising is not a political one through (as they well could) the channels of their Native Brotherhood, but a physical one that might strike you from sev-

eral miles distant, that you can see at a hundred yards, and almost ladle out with a spoon at fifty feet.

Every year it happens.

Every year, without fail, the coastal rivers are jammed for a few days, a week perhaps, maybe even a fortnight, with a writhing mass of silver.

The Eulachons are here!

The Eulachons (and you can't pick a quarrel with me if you prefer to spell it Oolichans, Oligans, Hooligans, etc. etc.) are silvery, bullet-shaped fish, immensely rich in oil, that appear in dense schools for spawning every spring.

Where they come from, no one

knows, and where they go to (if they survive the spawning) no one cares, for it is the ones that stay that carry the weight. Look at those husky Indians and you will see how they add the avoirdupois and carry the weight!

When the scant van-guard of the Eulachons is noted in the river, long purse-nets are staked out in the riffles, and with open-mouth to the river current, act as sieves which strain the fish from the water. Myriads of these six-inch fish are carried upstream by the flooding tide and when the tide recedes, the river current sweeps them back out.

But the open mouths of the purse-nets have trapped tons of them.

In the early dawn, husky bronzed arms pole aboriginal dug-outs up against the current. There are sounds --the crunch of gravel under the canoe poles, the rhythmic grunting of the canoe-men, the guttural exclamations in a tongue too difficult for white men, the swish of water under the prow--that makes time stand still as the pre-white-man crafts go on their errands.

When the nets are reached, the lower end is drawn with a crooked stick (much the same proportions as a hockey-stick) into the canoes, and the rip-cord pulled. Like opening the purse-strings of an over-full purse, this act spills tons and tons of wriggling silver into the canoes. Almost awash with the weight of it all, the canoes, like sleek, sated creatures of the seas, glide to shore.

Here, with the aid of men, women and children, the Eulachons are transferred to open-air storage bins. Some many in fact, are fried and eaten fresh. More are smoked and dried, (they were once used for candles or torches, and were called "Candlefish"--an illustration of the amount of oil in them) for winter provisions... but the bulk of them are held for a few days for seasoning or ripening before the oil is rendered out of them.

The oil-refineries used for this purpose are classics of simplicity. Open-air vats with wood fires under them render the oil from the fish. The sludge is dumped out and the oil is saved. The sludge is left for Mother Nature to look after, and in a few days even the flies find the smell too thick to fly through. The oil is bottled or tinned for later consumption.

This oil--Eulachon Grease, or "hum



A canoe load of eulachons approaches shore. The empty canoes illustrate the size of the load in the loaded canoe to sink it so low in the water. These large dugouts are called spoon canoes and will carry from two to three tons. Man in the bow is John Hall, among the fish Georgie Tallio, seated is Chief Jim Pollard.



The eulachon Industry. One of the most unique industries of North America. Every spring the rivers of the B.C. coast are darkened with hordes of bullet shaped, silvery sided eulachons, which the Indians catch with purse nets and collect with spoon canoes, then leave in vats until the fish run is over, after which the oil is removed by cooking. Eulachon grease is used as white men use butter, is a native delicacy high in vitamin and iodine content. This photo shows an Indian of the Bella Coola valley beside his catch.



The purse seine full of silvery fish being lifted into the canoe by means of a crooked stick. These long nets were once made from stinging nettle fibre, but white men's thread nets have since been adopted. This scene is on the Bella Coola river.

grease" because of the smell--looks something like honey in its light, grayish-white, semi-crystalline consistency, and is much prized as a food. It is used as white men use butter, and is high in vitamin content, says the white medicine man. But the Indian doesn't argue about technicalities like that. He simply smiles a white-toothed smile and exclaims "DELATE KLUSH MUCK-A-MUCK" which means "very good food!"

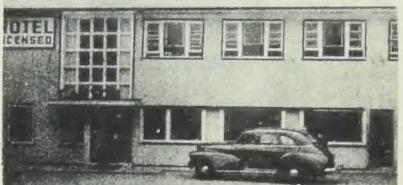
The sea-gulls think so, too, for they collect in mournful, squabbling myriads, eating Eulachons until they can't lift themselves out of the water. Crows think so, too, for when the tide goes out and leaves dead or stranded Eulachon, many a black dandy swaggers down to get a skin-full.

Subject of sanguinary wars, Eulachon Grease has made B. C. History.
concluded on page 32

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Fraser Canyon

at BOSTON BAR, B.C.

There's GOUGERS

In Them Thar Hills

by C. G. Steffens

UP TILL the time I became acquainted with the venerable and retired trapper Jacob, I had thought that the early pioneers who had struggled up the Fraser River in 1859 were one and all, part of the vast horde who came for the sole purpose of reaping a golden harvest from the treasure-laden sand-bars. Yet Jacob, who admitted he had never washed a pan of gravel in his whole life, insisted he had come into the country at that period. It had also seemed to me unusual to meet anyone in the "twenties" who could have taken an active part in an event so long ago.

But I am not of the type who go around glibly maintaining he believes

nothing he hears and only half of what he sees. And I must also admit that I've always been a sucker for old timers and their narratives of the unchallengeable past. Of course, one can logically excuse such a failing by resorting to the time-worn belief that truth can be stranger than fiction. However, there is one story that Jacob told that really did start me thinking, and I've found myself wondering if at times, even truth can be carried a little too far.

I had known the old man then, a couple of years, and had been in the habit of staying with him in his cabin back of Lillooet for a couple of days each fall in the deer season.

It was on one of these occasions on a day that was just too wet and mucky to even work on the wood pile, that I got into a discussion with the old man on the general behavior of modern people as compared with those of a generation or so, previous. I had rather stupidly I admit, implied that the pioneers of the Province had necessarily been more congenial, even if for no other reason than the dire need for cooperation.

"I don't know," Jacob replied after a long and contemplative pause, "but it seems to me that folks have been plenty ornery with each other for a long time back; at least as far back as I can remember. Yes sir. And that just reminds me of an affair that happened right here in this country. Yes sir. Right here in these here mountains."

"It is a long time ago now, long before the likes of you were ever thought of. Yes sir, right in these here mountains. I was younger then, but being brought up right in the woods, was a sure enough trapper, and had been from the time I was big enough to bend a willow for a rabbit snare. I struck this country at the time all those miners were cahsing up the Fraser River, after someone had discovered gold on the sandbars. I never did think much of mining myself, being kinda more used to trading in beaver than in nuggets, and didn't stick around much where they was; they being a blinkin' nuisance in more ways than one can count. More nuisance than a wolverine on a trap-line, to a peaceful, quiet-living chap like me. You might be well settled right snug in a good beaver territory, thinking there isn't another soul within a week's hike, and then some day you go to get a pail of water at the creek and find it all riled up and mussy by some jigger trying to find nuggets right in your favorite water-hole. Just so he can say he found a color, right where the old "moss-back" was getting his drinking-water. That



And then Alphonse had to show up!



...and that big brown mink-tail mustache of his laying there in the snow.

would mean me of course, and I never could take to that very kindly--you can bet on that.

But there is one thing you must allow, those "gold-shooters" sure went places to prospect, where folks wouldn't go for anything else. Before the trails and roads were in, there was places where you woulda thought an angel couldn't go. But let someone make a crack that there might be pay-dirt in there, and you'd see those prospectors go for it like flies to a jam can. So, much as I didn't hamper for their company, I allow they opened trails so that the likes of me could follow them into this upper country. Well, as I was saying, I was looking for a good fur country to settle peacefully in, and sure enough, after following up these prospectors, and after going off to a place where I reckoned they would never come, I found me just the territory I'd been looking for. Nice wide valley with just the right kind of creek running down it. Not too small, but just right for lots of beaver dams. Good lake too, with fish in it--not the kinda fish you see these days either--the kind folks get from the Government and plant in the gravel and then wait till they grow fat and lazy, you just can't interest them in anything from an ant egg to all the gaudy contraptions in a hardware store. No sir, they was just the bitiest creatures you ever saw. When you threw your bait in, they were so darn hot after it that besides the one you hooked, you could get a half dozen others that had just naturally killed theirselves fighting over it. Yes sir, that was the kinda fishing there was

in that lake. Then there was all the other game from grouse to grizzly bear.

I sure put in a mighty comfortable time that first winter. So when I hiked out of there the following spring, I was a-feeling pretty good, thinking at last I'd found the right location. No one closer than fifty miles of me.

Well sir, I hadn't gone fifteen miles when I saw smoke ahead. Not just a little smoke from one fire, or even two fires, but a whole lot--just like a big camp or a village. And when I'd gone another mile, there she was. A brand new town. Store, liquor saloon, blacksmith shop and place where you could get cooked grub. It just wasn't no use I thought, these gold-hunters had to be everywhere!

It seemed from what the folks around this new settlement told me, someone had found a color or two, fifty miles on up the river. So everybody from lower down was hiking on up, and this town was just a stopping place.

Well that didn't sound so bad, for it probably meant there wasn't any prospecting going on near by, and it didn't look as if there would be anyone bothering up my way for a while yet. And these chaps as was doing business was nice and friendly like, especially one young fellow who was

continued on page 20

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FROM Montana to the Klondyke

by W. D. MacBride

THE STIKINE TRAIL.

In the words of Frank R. Miles.

Telegraph Creek, B. C.
Dec. 5th, 1897.

WE LEFT Montana August 23, 1897, arriving at Seattle the morning of the 25th. From Seattle we went to Victoria on the SS "City of Kingston," reaching Victoria on the morning of the 26th. On August 29th we shipped with our outfit on board SS "City of Topeka" bound for Fort Wrangell, Alaska, arriving there on September 1st, a distance from Victoria of over 700 miles.

GRAND SCENERY

Along this route from Victoria to Fort Wrangell the scenery at times is most beautiful. Far into the interior to the north may be seen many snow capped peaks, while along the rock-bound coast the mountains tower in places almost to the clouds. The country is exceedingly mountainous and well covered with timber. In many places mountain torrents rush down the sides of these almost perpendicular cliffs for thousands of feet. There does not seem to be 160 acres of level land in any one place along the coast in the entire distance. At dif-



Dense shadows and jagged mountains border the Stikine River, and a hundred glaciers line its banks.

PART (1) The Stikine Trail to Telegraph Creek and Dawson City [1897]

PART (2) The Winter of 1897-1898 around Dawson City

PART (3) An Expedition to the head of the White River [1898] and the discovery of pieces native copper weighing up to a ton.

ferent points immense whales were seen spouting, often quite close to the ship, while porpoise, seal, sharks and other large fish are in vision.

There not being any regular steamer operating up the Stikine River, we hired three Indians with a canoe to transport ourselves and outfit to Telegraph Creek, the head of navigation on the Stikine River, a distance of 150 miles from Fort Wrangell. Loading our outfit in an immense cedar canoe and procuring the necessary manifests and other documents from the Customs Officer we pulled out from Fort Wrangell on the afternoon of September 2, 1897, bound for the mouth of the Stikine River, a distance of about seven miles. We reached the mouth of the river without difficulty. Up the river a short distance from its confluence with the ocean there is an island upon which we camped for the night.

It was all clear sailing up to this time and place, as we had left Fort Wrangell at flood tide. The next morning when we were ready to start, we found a strong current to pull against, and at once concluded that our troubles had only begun. However we pulled out and slowly made our way against it, rowing with oars until we had gone some fifteen miles, when we found a marked increase in the strength of the current.

At the time of our departure from Fort Wrangell several boats, scows and Indian canoes left for Telegraph Creek. All canoes with good crews of experienced boatmen soon forged to the front. It was my lot to obtain three good Indians, who with my partner and myself, were able to keep up with three other canoes ably manned, one of which had "Chief Shakes" for Captain and guide, an Indian chief who is said to know the river better than any other of his tribe.

FIGHTING THE CURRENT.

After ascending some twenty odd miles, the current had so increased that the "tow line" had to be resorted to, and it was stretched out along the beach for a distance of 150 feet, with a canoe load of provisions, etc at one end, and three men at the other and a strong current between, two



Telegraph Creek, built on a steep side-hill is head of navigation on the Stikine



The Stikine pounds through narrow, mile long Klootchman's canyon like wild horses thundering down hill.

men being left in the canoe to guide it. For the remaining distance to Telegraph Creek, over 100 miles, the tow line was brought into use whenever the bars or banks would permit men to travel and tow, - canoes had to be poled.

There is no slack water to afford rest or to encourage a person as is generally the case in the majority of mountain rivers. The current is very strong everywhere and many heavy rapids have to be encountered. Pulling our canoes through some of these rapids I have seen fifteen able-bodied

men on a single tow line. The only relief we had was in sailing at times before a heavy wind. Each Indian canoe is generally fitted out with a mast and two square sails about 6 feet by 8 feet in size, and it is remarkable to see how a heavy wind will drive a canoe against a strong current, with these sails set.

After we were out about a week we reached the canyon, a gorge between

continued on page 16-A

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FOR TRAPPERS ONLY



Now Is The Time To Join

By WM. (RED) WINSOR

TO ALL Trappers who are not members of the Registered Trappers Association, when are you going to realize that, each and every bona fide trapper in this Province, should join this Organization?

We have Cattlemen's, Lumbermen's, Fruit Grower's, and Agriculture Associations and scores of others along with the Labour Groups as well as Banking Associations, etc. If these organizations were not beneficial to each and every Member of the Association concerned would they continue to exist? Definitely not and in most cases these various Organizations or Associations increase in strength from year to year.

If that be so, why not get behind this movement to better conditions for the Trapper?

For the SUM OF ONE CANADIAN DOLLAR, which is all the Parent Body requires, you can become a full fledged Member of this Association. Is there any other Organization under the stars that you can join for ONE DOLLAR and have the right to speak your mind; affirm or deny by vote of the majority on any resolution at a meeting. Whether you vote "Aye" or "Nay" carries just as much weight as the next man whether he be on the Executive or just an ordinary Member; whether he has ten miles of line or five hundred miles.

As long as you are operating a Registered Trapline it matters not what your mother tongue is or whether you be man or woman. The important factor is that you belong to the Registered Trappers Association NOW. Not tomorrow or next month or in 1952, but right now.

Let us look at some of the men and women, who do their level best to keep this ship on an even keel, not for their benefit alone but for each and every one of us.

I can only speak of those Members and Officers, whom I have known personally since I joined the Association.

The President and Founder of the Association, Mr. Eric Collier, hardly needs an introduction. However were one to go into detail and had all the necessary information at hand, more than likely it would turn out that one could write a fair sized book on his efforts, his trials, troubles and successes. We could see then how far and how successfully he has come since first starting the Trappers Association. It is my firm belief that, should Eric Collier ever be forced to resign from active duty, it would be one of the most serious losses the Trappers and the Trappers Association ever had to face. The loss of his force and energy

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CANADA

as our President would be felt very keenly and also his articles on fur and game conservation would be greatly missed. It has been my pleasure to have had quite a few discussions, heated and otherwise, with Mr. Collier and I have always found him to be a fluent speaker and a man to be relied on.

We now come to the Vice President Walter Sande, who was elected to office last year. He was nominated and elected by majority vote at not only Annual Meeting of the Northern Zone but also at all other meetings. Mr. Sande is a young man, but not too young, he has operated a fairly large trapline for some years and really knows by experience what the trapper in this Northern Interior is up against. Walter Sande has his feet firmly on the ground and I think all members who meet him or have met him will find that he is quite capable.

In the Northern B.C. Zone we have Mr. Charles Olds as President. Mr. Olds is one of the hardest working Members we have. Some have asked me why Charlie Olds was President. Well my answer is that Charlie Olds is heart and soul in this work and is always willing to try to do more. We are rather lucky to have someone in this Zone to take up the ball along with Eric Collier and Walter Sande.

Jim Hooker is well known far and wide and as Vice-President of the Northern Zone will do all that is possible to assist Charlie Olds.

On our Executive we have six men Henry Hobi, Lou Stranberg, Arne Jensen and the remaining three are of the same caliber. They do not say yes unless they think it and mean it.

We also have Mrs. Lou Stranberg as Secretary who besides her regular office work finds time to do the secretarial work for the Northern B.C. Zone.

What has this Association done that you as a Trapper should become a Member and get behind and push just a little? Well Mr. Non-member, here are a few of the things that have come to pass since I first joined the Association.

I think the appointment of a delegate from the Registered Trappers Association to the Annual Fur and Game Convention was really good work.

Far greater co-operation between trappers, guides and our Game Commission and its Departments was another.

The changes in regulations regarding the tagging and sale of beaver.

It was at a meeting of the Northern Zone that the wolverine was taken off the protected list.

The stand taken by the Department with regards to water rights; increased predator control; extension of beaver and rat season in some districts.

We know there is still room for improvement in a lot of these things and each year improvements are introduced at our meetings. It has been pointed out several times by the Game Commission that the regulations cannot be changed to suit some individual or some small locality. Nor could it be, for the regulations would read like a mail order catalogue.

Those are just some of the changes we have helped to bring about. If you wish to check closer write to Mr. Collier or just read the Game Regulations for 1930 and the ones for 1950-1951.

Has it ever occurred to those who have been skeptical of this Association and of joining it, that, until Mr. Collier started this Association, no one ever thought of the lowly trapper as a delegate to Harrison or any other Convention. Today the Game Commissioner attends all our meetings he possibly can. Come to those meetings and see for yourself. Game Wardens, Predatory Hunters as well as men like Doctor Cowan and James Hatter. Last year at the meeting there was a man newly appointed to the Indian Affairs. Also two men from the United States representing the Conservation of Game.

For too many years it has been taken for granted that the Trapper was a very illiterate man. However some of these men have degrees not only from our colleges but from other lands as well.

Through the efforts of these men a great deal of change has come to pass. Today the Registered Trapper of B.C. has a far better outlook than ever before and this is due entirely to the efforts of the B.C. Trappers Association to gain him this recognition.

Last summer Mr. Pappas, one of B.C.'s largest fur dealers flew up from Vancouver to attend our meeting and to discuss drading, prices, etc. with the trappers themselves.

Now Mr. Non-member, you can surely see that although you have perhaps put off joining in this movement to better the conditions of the Registered Trapper until later, RIGHT NOW is when each and everyone of us should get into the game and keep the ball in play.

Every Trapper knows that it is not at all a fair deal to let just so many carry the load without at least lending their moral support. Therefore let us all get in and do what we can.

JOIN THE B.C. TRAPPERS ASSOCIATION NOW!

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HOSPITALS MUST operate regardless of loss and so for years and years hospital deficits were met by government grants. Inquiries by officials put the Hospital Supervisors on the spot as to why the deficits, and there were many reasons, but probably not all have been advanced. It certainly was not the wages paid to trainees and the internes, for the amounts these workers were paid was always a disgrace to any supervisor.

On the other hand it could have had something to do with the salaries of fifteen or twenty thousand dollars paid to superintendents, and, of course it may have been due to prices paid on contracts for supplies and services.

At any rate, the boards did not like the idea of being called upon the carpet. This should be avoided and it was. The B.C. Hospital Association was born. It takes clever people to put themselves in line for the huge salaries that all the losing hospitals seemed to have to pay, and although the Hospital Association meant added expense it also started the most amazing political blunder of our times.... the Hospital Insurance Act.

By putting Lobbyists in Victoria (more expense) it was an easy matter to gain the ears of our alleged representatives and what is nicer to the Governmental ear than an idea to avoid paying grants? Why not charge the populi so much per head and have no Hospital deficits?

Yes, this Hospital Association is made up of clever people; much to clever for our men in Victoria, hence the mess.

With this Act, the Pink Slip business and many other controlling stunts. Government for the people, by the people, has practically disappeared in B.C.

The very name, Hospital Insurance, is a misnomer. There is NO insurance. Even if a person is paid well in advance of need, there is NO insurance. There is no guarantee of Hospital benefits or the cost thereof and the more they fool around with it, the less benefit it will be. Those who have had their accounts paid are all for it, but they are a terrific minority.

In one specific case, a man paid his insurance instead of the basic essential, the grocery account. He paid because he knew he would HAVE to use the hospital.

A false alarm took his wife a trifle earlier than expected. After three days she was back home after obser-

vation required. The Government refused to pay because the thirty days had not fully lapsed. Yes, quite legal, but this is one of the many legal tricks which will assist to cancel any value in the scheme. The premium will go up, the benefits disappear and it will require a legal ruling regarding the liability of the Government.

As soon as the Government took over, the Hospital Officials had shed all responsibility. Costs climbed at once. Their sinecures had to be protected.

The Act is not Democratic. The whole thing should have been placed before the voters.

It is anti-social, because all people pay the same amount regardless of income.

It eliminates the main source of income to hospitals i.e., those people who can afford to pay their bills. The man who cannot afford it must now help to pay for those who can.

We still have to take care of those people who are unable to pay. The Act does not remove this charge.

This Act is a terrific reflection upon the quality of our representation.

It does not work.

Trying to balance off payments against losses will not make it work, for hospitalization is still the proper objective.

Chronics, deadbeats, and phonies occupy beds needed by really sick and dying people. Bed shortages were never so aggravated.

The only alternative to throwing out the Act, is to take over the Hospitals and discard the officials down to the book-keepers who know just where to cut the costs.



AND WHY NOT JOIN THE U.S.A.
continued from page 3

from our natural resources. The Canadians won't do that. The Canadian is a sweet gentle soul just busting his britches with brotherly love and well wishing for the generations yet unborn.

"Oh woe, woe to Acadia the fair, for the day of her desolation cometh." So called an ancient priest of the Maritimes in the long ago when the earth was afir. So too, cry the barren rocks of the B.C. coast and the gutted erosion-created lands of the lower Fraser Valley. In 1950 there was a 30% overcut in the B.C. forests. Our Minister of Lands and Forests stated this and it must be so for everyone knows that where honor and truthfulness abide there also abideth the Minister of Lands and Forests. Of course the forests are being depleted to make money and as everyone knows money is next to God in Canada as in the United States, if this were not so why else would there be banks and churches, either one or the other on practically every corner of every business street in every one of the major cities in Canada? So our forests are being destroyed by loggers and fire or else given away by the aforementioned Minister of Lands and Forests who abideth in the land of truthfulness and honesty, yea even unto perpetuity, as it says in the small writing on a Management License.

And what of that colossus the C.M. & S. Co. of Trail and Montreal. Are they not beneficial to Canada? Do they not try and implement freedom and liberty? The answer is no... but they are one more reason why Mr. Neuberger's proposition proves less and less distasteful. It is sheer stupidity to say that the American business man would rob Canada with greater gusto than the Canadian business man aided and abetted by the Canadian Manufacturers Association is robbing Canada and the people of Canada.

"But our laws," I whispered, "surely our laws are so much better than the American laws," I might have had something there too. I was pondering on it when some one of our law-makers in Victoria up and suggests that the price of Hospital Insurance be increased and that the patient be charged for the first ten days he is incarcerated in one of these antiseptic institutions. And so even that feeble limb was snapped off at the stem. We have no laws, only rules. We have no freedom nor liberty, for today Canada has become a country of "Thou shalt nots," or "Thou shalt." We have no free enterprise, for anything that shows a dimes worth of profit is seized upon and monopolized by one or another of the big outfits.... barring this the Government goes into the business as witness the Hart High-

way and the hands off warning which potential truckers are given regarding this highway, which by the way, I understand is being graded by hand, hence the long-time job.

So hats off to Mr. Neuberger and may the angels on the monument at Vimy Ridge weep silently in memory of those who sacrificed so much for so very very little.

Yes, let us join with the U.S.A. As a one time patriotic Canadian I maintain I would sooner see Canada stripped by bumbling American amateurs than robbed piecemeal by the suave hypocritical rogues who classify themselves as Canadians, wave the flag, yowp "The King," upon the slightest provocation, out-Judas Judas Iscariot, rob the people blind and on Sundays kneel in a thousand ivy covered churches and howl in loud voices dripping with mendacity, "Oh Lord, we thank You we are not as other men. Especially we thank You that we are not as those loud-mouthed Americans who would rob us of our country. Give us time, oh Lord, and there won't be any country left to rob. We'll have it cleaned and all we ask is time." And then as the Elders of the church stalk silently down the aisles with the collection plates these worthy citizens smile one at the other and drop their small offerings into the collection plates knowing full well that as long as there are widows and orphans, as long as there are woods to gut and minerals to grab, their minute contributions can be regained before the following Sabbath has come to pass.

Yes Mr. Neuberger, you're right. I bow out, you can have this Canada, this once proud land, but hurry for even now, all that you'll get is a husk, a dry and rattling shell, a sorry thing.



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Great New Wells Favor Westcoast Line

By SIDNEY NORMAN

TWO more important discoveries of natural gas in the extreme northwest part of Alberta, reported late in February, are expected to greatly increase drilling activity in a vast area of outstanding promise and result in further developments of importance particularly to Westcoast Transmission Co., whose all-Canadian, Canadian-first line to the Pacific Coast is the only projected route

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THESE ADDITIONS to reserves, added to others previously made at Normandville, Bluesky and Whitelaw, plus the wells of Peace River Natural Gas Co., in the Pouce Coupe area, near the British Columbia border, already supplying Dawson Creek through pipe line system of Westcoast Transmission Co., practically make certain early assurances of reserves sufficient to justify export from an area entirely distinct and far removed from those now supplying provincial needs. All are in a part of the province where no market outlet is offered in the foreseeable future other than via the Westcoast route to Vancouver and cities south of the International line in Washington and Oregon.

That these discoveries, with others of almost equal importance made in other parts of the province, are regarded by government authorities as exerting great influence upon the matter of export, was confirmed last week by Hon. N. E. Tanner, Minister of mines and Resources, in a broadcast from Edmonton. He said that the government is now convinced there is sufficient gas developed to meet all the province's requirements, both industrial and domestic, thus carrying the assurance that, with the addi-

tional reserves created by recent strikes of great importance, export should soon be allowable with perfect safety to the best interests of the province.

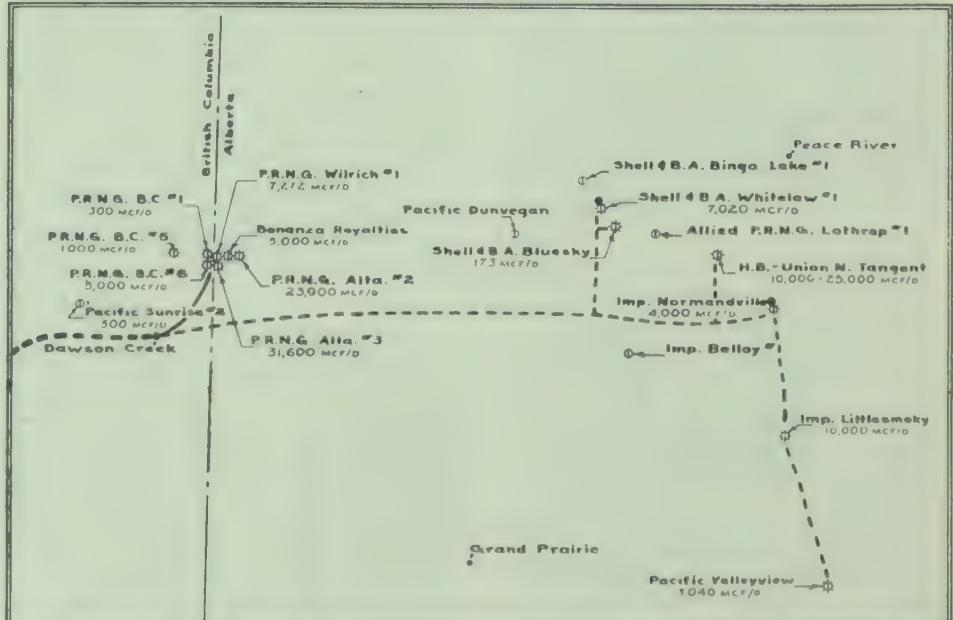
AS WILL BE REMEMBERED, the report of the Conservation Board, upon which the government based its temporary denial of export applications, deferred final action till September, when there is now every reason to believe a favorable decision will be reached, if not before.

Of these northern strikes, Imperial Oil first reported an outstanding discovery from the Little Smokey area, 24 miles south of its own Normandville oil-gas producer, 50 miles south of Peace River town and approximately 55 miles southeast of the oil-gas Whitelaw well of British American.

Imperial holds large reservation acreage in the area, as also does the Pacific Petroleums-Central Leduc-Del Rio partnership in the large Benndum & Trees original reservations, which include four and a half townships starting nine miles to the west. Seaboard-Honolulu group is also a large holder, starting three or four miles east, and Stanolind Oil & Gas holds acreage eight miles southeast.

THE SECOND DISCOVERY, among

N.W. Alta. & B.C. Natural Gas Field



This map shows locations and rated capacities of 13 natural gas wells in the Peace River area of northwest Alberta, through which the projected line of Westcoast Transmission Co. will be laid on its way to Vancouver and cities south of the international line. Assuming that the capacity of the latest North Tangent well of Hudson's Bay-Union is 25,000,000 cu. ft. daily, as later announced, the total free flow of these wells adds up to close to 120,000,000 cubic feet daily. Four other wells are now drilling and many more are planned.

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the largest in recent history, was made by Hudson's Bay and Union Oil of California at their H. B. - Union-North Tangent No. 1, about 23 miles southwest of Peace River town. Shell-British American's Bluesky and White-law oil-gas discoveries lie 18 to 23 miles to the northwest and Imperial's Normandville well 14 miles southeast.

The Tangent well found natural gas in volume in four zones, the Peace River sand, the basal cretaceous sands and the triassic and on February 20th was bottomed in top of the Madison at 3,274 feet for drill stem test. A strong burst of gas followed, indicating discovery in a fourth zone.

WHILE PIPE WAS BEING pulled, for some unknown reason, the blow-out preventer failed. Steps were immediately taken to guard against fire or explosion and bring the well under control. For several days, the well blew sand, water and natural gas by heads, with sufficient pressure to reach the crown block. Part of the flow was later diverted to give the crew access to the well-head. Gas flow was estimated first at 10,000,000 cubic feet, increasing to 25,000,000 cubic feet daily.

A LATER REPORT said that the Tangent well was still blowing wild, with gas flow estimated at as much as 50,000,000 cubic feet daily, which would increase by 25,000,000 cubic feet the indicated capacity of 13 wells as mentioned above. It is now said that taming the well presents one of the most hazardous and difficult jobs in Alberta's soil history and may take weeks.

AS IS GENERALLY KNOWN, West-coast Transmission Co. is already servicing Dawson Creek town, Mile Zero on the Alaska Highway, with gas derived from wells of Peace River Natural Gas Co., 17 miles within the Alberta border. The Westcoast line is projected from that point through Pine Pass to Prince George, thence south down the Fraser, through Quesnel, with branch to Kamloops and on south to Princeton and Vancouver. United States branch lines are planned to be run out at Osoyoos to serve Spokane and Idaho points on the east, and at Abbotsford on the west to serve Seattle, Tacoma, Portland and many other communities in the largest consumer market left unserved in North America.

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WHAT FREE ENTERPRISE ?

continued from page 2

truck and dragged him off to court where he was fined and his load confiscated. He, also, was GUILTY OF ENGAGING IN FREE ENTERPRISE.

Two years ago a man bought a strip of land bordering a beautiful Cariboo Lake teeming with fish. He spent upwards of \$25,000 building a modern fishing resort on his land - but the government decreed that he could not put boats on the lake for the benefit of his guests - because other resorts bordering the lake already had boats on it. Another example of FREE ENTERPRISE under the existing regime.

Four years ago a man invested all his capital in a coffee shop and small grocery store outside the limits of a northern town. He also installed a gas pump with the intention of giving 24 hour gas service to the travelling public. He was refused a petroleum license, though in a neighboring town a similar service is being rendered, also just outside the city limits.

The list of restrictive rules, regulations and legislation could go on indefinitely. The ban on staking and developing B.C.'s coal resources is complete and effective. The restrictions on the oil and gas development which prompted the remark from an Imperial Oil Co. executive that they would not come within miles of the B.C. border in their explorations until petroleum regulations are changed is yet another illustration. The Forest Management License scheme which when brought into full effect will successfully kill SMALL private enterprise in B.C.'s lumbering industry by restricting it to a scant 13% of our timber resources. The franchise wherein the P.G.E. is granted exclusive trucking and bus rights over the (soon to be completed) Hart Highway - despite the fact that every cent of construction costs came out of the pockets of the people of B.C. and not out of P.G.E. coffers which have been notoriously empty for years. The hundreds of state authorized truck, bus and taxi monopolies throughout the province whereby a private citizen cannot enter into any of these fields of endeavour except with the (unlikely) approval of those with whom he is to compete. The (compulsory) Hospital Insurance Service, wherein the government, under threat of fine or jail sentence exacts money for service's it cannot render - thereby gaining money under false pretenses... while denying licenses to private companies which might offer more protection for less money - without duress.....

All this, and more, is the record of past and present FREE ENTERPRISE governments of British Columbia. And now we have yet another re-

striction, another regulation, another "taboo" - this time in the field of mining. Minister of Mines, R.C. McDonald has announced that all iron ore deposits not already privately held are now "under reserve," to prevent what he chooses to term "nuisance staking and speculation." Yet mining for any mineral whatsoever, HAS ALWAYS BEEN, and ALWAYS WILL BE, A SPECULATIVE VENTURE - from the time claims are staked, to the time production begins, and after. Fully 90% of all B.C.'s producing mines were staked by individual prospectors who "speculated" as to their probable value.

And so, another avenue of free enterprise is closed to the people of this province, with the resources involved due to be handed over to big industry in much the same manner as our timber resources under F.M.L. plan, or the recent granting of complete mineral rights to 300 square miles of land to the Aluminum Co. of Canada.

It is inconceivable that this added restriction, this curtailment of privilege, should go unchallenged by the people of B.C. But it has. In the weeks since its imposition not a single protesting voice has made itself heard through the press or over the air. Our objection is registered here not because there are hundreds of prospectors wishing to rush out and stake iron claims, but because it is a further bureaucratic restriction imposed by a government which professes to stand firmly behind the principle of free enterprise. And because it could be the forerunner of a move to similarly restrict the staking of base and precious metals and/or dole out blanket mineral rights over hundreds of square miles to large mining corporations (as is being done with our forest resources under the Forest Management License plan). We voice our protest because the curtailment of our liberties and privileges has already gone too far - so far that even today we might well ask **WHAT FREE ENTERPRISE?**

Rather than the present restriction and reserve, our government should, in view of the international situation and the great need for establishing a steel mill on the west coast to meet defense and other requirements, **GIVE A BONUS** to prospectors finding iron ore in sufficient quantity and of high enough grade to warrant mining. Only in this manner will the full extent of iron ore resources become known, and sufficient tonnage proven to warrant construction of a steel mill.

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From MONTANA TO THE KLONDYKE
continued from page 9

perpendicular walls of rock about 100 feet apart. The Stikine River rushes through this narrow defile, forming eddies and whirlpools at different places along the sides of the cliffs.

THROUGH THE CANYON.

The canoes had become separated that day on account of the heavy wind that was blowing, and some canoes carrying larger sails than others had moved far ahead. We decided to take our canoe through without awaiting the arrival of those following, so, going into the canyon as far as possible, three of our party - two Indians and my partner, - started over the cliff with 250 feet of tow line. This was barely enough for them to reach a point where there was good footing. It was necessary for two to remain in the canoe to keep it straight, and to prevent dashing against the rocks.

When all was ready we shoved out from the eddy we were in and slowly began to ascend until we reached a point where the waters boiled furiously, and our canoe was darting from side to side. Our three men on the were so far over the cliff ahead that they could not see us, and the noise of the rushing waters prevented their hearing our calls to let us drop back to a safe landing. I told the Indian Captain, who was at the helm, that if he would chance it to keep the canoe from being dashed to pieces against the cliff, I would try to climb the face of the cliff to get where our men with the tow line were. He said he would, and as the canoe shifted in the current to the side of the cliff, I jumped to a point where I gained footing upon the side of the smooth-worn rocks. From there I made my way safely to our three men on the other end of the tow line. They were almost exhausted. They knew not what to do they said when they found they could not pull us through, and fearing to let

us drop back, they held on "for grim death." The small rope they were holding had imbedded itself into the flesh of their shoulders and their hands had become numb.

After dropping back to a point where the canoe was safe, and taking a breather, we risked the Captain alone in the canoe, and I stayed with the boys on the tow line. This time we brought it through safely and going a short distance above, we camped for the night.

Two days later we arrived at Glenora, an old mining town. Here all canoes have to stop and unload their cargoes for inspection by a Canadian Customs officer. At Glenora we camped for the night, the four canoe crews having got together again. Here it was that we found we could legally purchase a glass of liquor if we so desired its sale being entirely prohibited in Alaska.

Mr. Prichett, the Customs officer who keeps a little store, served the boys a couple of times around with the pure and unadulterated Hudson's Bay



Frank R. Miles - 1897.



Miles Canyon on the Yukon river presented a formidable problem to all small craft.



Scores of flimsily built craft moved northward over the lakes and down the rivers to Dawson City. Many foundered.



The City of Topeka brought thousands of goldseekers to Alaskan ports.



Totem poles in front of Chiet Shakes' cabin.

rum at 25 cents per glass. That was all they required. Everybody went to bed early and had "Gabriel" passed through that night blowing his horn, some of them would not have heard it. Hudson's Bay rum is alright, even if it is only 133-1/3 proof.

We left Glenora the next morning for Telegraph Creek, a distance of twelve miles, arriving there early in the evening of September 11th, nine and one half days from Fort Wrangell. Here we unloaded our outfit, storing it in the warehouse of the company and sleeping upon the floor of their store that night, as it was raining too hard to pitch tent and make fire on the beach. The next day we secured an old log cabin, cleaned it out and moved in, making ourselves quite comfortable. Settling with the Fort Wrangell Indians who brought us here and giving them three days provisions. They

left for their homes.

The scenery along this route is remarkably beautiful. The first grand feature of attraction that is met with is called the Great Glacier. We camped for dinner on the opposite side of the river. Around us were rugged mountain peaks capped with perpetual snow and fringed at their base and along their sides with evergreens, while through them, occupying the entire valley from base to base of mountains like a silver thread, curved and twisted the mighty Stikine River, with its many tributaries.

Looking upon the Great Glacier one is impressed with the deep blue shade of color from the many pinnacles and craggy blocks of ice projecting from its front and surface. I understand this glacier extends into the interior of Alaska over 100 miles. Upon the opposite side of the river, high up in

the mountains, there is another, but smaller glacier.

According to Indian traditions the two glaciers were once connected, and under them the Stikine River flowed for years. Indians carried their canoes, traps, furs and supplies, over this great field of ice until at last they concluded they would ascertain whether or not anything could follow the river under the great arch of ice through which it ran.

They at first cut trees along the river above and let them drift through with all their branches and seeing them come out below apparently undamaged, they chose from among their number two old Indians, whom they considered had outlived their usefulness, and putting them in a canoe cast them adrift at the opening of this great gorge. To their surprise the two old Indians made the run successfully, and were ever after held in high esteem by the rest of the tribe.

After that all canoes were run under this glacier, but as years went on, the ice so wasted away that it fell, leaving an open cut with great perpendicular walls on each side. Since that time these ice faces have melted away, until now they are some three miles apart.

ICE CLIFFS 700 FEET HIGH.

The ice cliffs at the front of this glacier are now in places over 700 feet high. While the motion has never been recorded this monster stream of ice has forged its way through this mountain range for nearly 100 miles, bringing trunks of huge trees of a different species from those now growing with it.

While camping along the river at different points, during the stillness of the night, loud reports of tremendous avalanches of ice and rocks from the distant mountains could often be heard.

There is one other of the many glaciers along this route worthy of special mention. It is known as the Flood Glacier. It completely dams the valley in which it is located, holding behind it a great lake of water, which at times breaks through and rushes into the Stikine River.

At Telegraph Creek there are two stores or trading posts operated by two companies, each owning its own river steamer, and pack train for the distribution of goods to the various trading posts established throughout the country.

We were at Telegraph Creek but a short time before we learned that it was impossible to get our outfit packed over the trail to Teslin Lake, a distance of 150 miles. The opening of this route to the Klondike was sudden and unexpected, and the few pack

animals here had been chartered to pack sawmill and steamboat machinery to Teslin Lake.

Soon after our arrival there came one of the trading company's steamers the Alaskan, with this machinery and other freight; also a lot of passengers with their outfits, bound for the Klondike. She also had on board a number of ordinary and extraordinary officers of the Dominion Government, sent here to look over and report upon the feasibility of this route.

All these dignitaries had to be supplied with what pack animals they required at any cost, so there was nothing left for us to do but camp here and wait for snow, so that we could move our outfits on sleds. One outfit that had come here on the steamer before our arrival bringing three horses with them, had obtained four more pack horses here belonging to an old packer and had started for Teslin Lake.

Only one of the party succeeded in

getting through to the lake before winter set in. He, I understand, was a gambler, his outfit consisting of a faro layout, a few decks of cards and some poker chips. Strictly in accordance with his calling he left the miners with their outfit, who had lost three of their horses, and were struggling to get through the balance, being forced to move their supplies by relays.

He started for Teslin Lake with his grip, which contained his stock-in-trade. Upon his arrival at the lake he secured the services of a man who was located there on a claim to help him whipsaw lumber for a boat. In a few days his boat was completed, and with 10 days provisions which he had secured from the squatter, he started for Dawson City, a distance of some 550 miles. After he had been gone four or five days he returned to the head of the lake. He had been out in a blizzard but decided to take no further chances. He returned to Telegraph

Creek with the government engineers on their return after their explorations and went down the Stikine in a canoe with some Indians.

Canoe after canoe, together with boats and scows constructed at Fort Wrangell by the miners, continued to arrive day after day until well along in November when the cold weather closed navigation, freezing several parties along the river, where they have camped until the ice is strong enough for them to continue their journey and haul their outfits on sleds. Three of a crew of young men following us had the misfortune to upset their boat and one of their number was drowned, a young man named Stevens from New York.

Another party coming from Wrangell to the mouth of the Stikine were caught in a storm and had to throw their supplies overboard, including an assay outfit worth \$500. Had they not done so their boat would have been swamped and all onboard drowned.

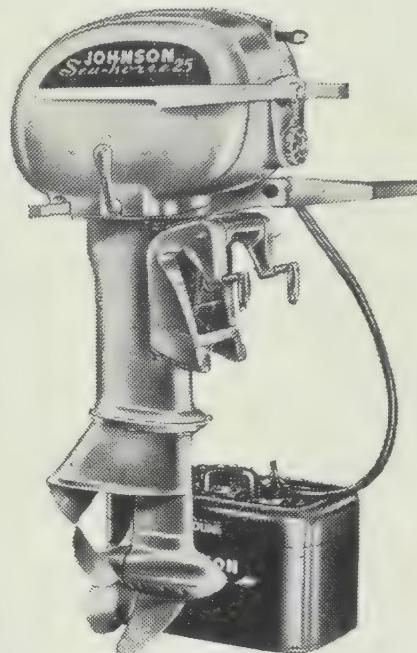
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Another boat following was wrecked and most of the supplies it contained lost or damaged. There were no lives lost, however, but \$10,000 in cash was washed overboard with the balance of the cargo and has not since been recovered.

Men coming to this country at this time by any of the different routes are subject to dangers, particularly the young and inexperienced. Up to this time there have arrived here about 150 gold seekers bound for the Yukon gold fields via the Stikine River and Teslin Lake route. They are all well outfitted, and I must say are an exceptionally fine class of men. There is no drunkenness among them, no quarreling and no petty larceny. There is no officer of the law here, nor is there one required.

But the dangers that confront the thousands of inexperienced gold seekers now rushing toward Klondike and other localities of the great Yukon basin are manifold. Here may be found men of every nationality and from every State in the United States and from every Province in Canada. Few realize the dangers which beset the gold seekers. They try to cross some lake in a boat of their own construction, get caught in a storm and are wrecked, where their bodies sink to fathomless depths in ice-cold water of purest crystal, never again to rise to the surface. They undertake to navigate some of these numerous mountain streams and swamp their boats in some un-named rapids and are themselves drowned, their bodies occasionally being washed up on a bar or beach to be slowly covered with the glistening golden sands they sought. They go into the mountains prospecting and are overtaken by some great avalanche of snow, ice or rock and are buried beneath thousands of tons of nature's material.

In travelling upon the smooth surface of some great glacier they accidentally fall into a crevasse hundreds of feet deep that had been lightly covered with drifting snow. In this great chasm a body might remain for ages in a perfect state of preservation or it might be ground to atoms by the slow but irresistible movement of the glacier.

These and many more dangers confront the gold seekers now flocking to this country in countless thousands. Men are suddenly taken ill and die among strangers without any person being able to identify them, further than to say his name was "Bill" or "Mac" and he was from New York or Montana. He is buried by his comrades beneath the moss that covers the golden fleece he came here in search of. Others who have braved all the pains and dangers of frontier life and have accumulated wealth, are sometimes murdered for their gold and all traces of the crime obliterated.

In their mad rush for gold, some, through their ignorance of the country, come illy prepared to stand the long, cold, sunless winters and starve to death. Others are caught upon the bleak mountains in a blizzard on some overland trail and are frozen to death. How many cases of the kind above mentioned have occurred in frontier life, and the relatives and friends of the unfortunate ones still ignorant of the fate that has befallen them!

Continuing our journey to Teslin Lake, winter having arrived and there being plenty of snow for good sledding, the following proposition confronts all gold seekers now here who intend moving forward this winter and have to transport their own outfits. Here is the amount of provisions, etc., required by two men as partners to go to the Yukon Gold fields over the Stikine-Teslin Lake trail during the winter of 1897, starting from Telegraph Creek, British Columbia, December 1st, 1897, figuring on a basis of no provisions to be procured from any source before the 1st of July, 1898, 210 days after departure:

The average man will consume three pounds of solid food per day in this cold climate, therefore it would require 630 pounds for one man for 210 days, or 1260 pounds to last two men that length of time. For prospecting or mining they would require two picks (at four pounds each) - 8 pounds; two shovels, 10 pounds, one axe, 4 pounds; one camp stove, 30 pounds; cooking outfit, frying pan, copper pot, camp kettles, knives, forks, spoons, plates, cups and gold pan, 23 pounds, bedding 50 pounds (25 pounds each); 10 x 12 tent, 15 pounds; extra clothing, guns medical supplies, etc., 50 (25 pounds each); tin and wood boxes, double sacks, lash ropes, canvas cover, sleds, etc. necessary for the protection and transportation of these supplies through all kinds of weather; 150 pounds in all, outside of provisions, 340 pounds, and with provisions 1600 pounds.

This does not include whip saw, necessary to cut lumber for boat, sluice boxes or cabin material; nails or tools of any kind necessary for their construction; neither does it include ammunition, tobacco and many other things considered almost indispensable with the average miner.

One thousand six hundred pounds will make eight sled loads of 200 pounds each - a good load for the average man to haul over an ordinary snow trail. This would be four loads each for two men. One man can haul 200 pounds five miles per day, and return the same distance with empty sled. It would therefore require four days for them to move their 1600 pounds five miles, during which time they would each have to walk a distance of 35 miles.

Allowing the decrease in weight of

six pounds per day of food which they would consume while enroute to equal the time that they would lose on account of cold, storms, bad trail and very short days, giving them full time it would require 120 days or four months for them to reach Teslin Lake, a distance of 150 miles and a consumption of 720 pounds of provisions, leaving them at the head of the Lake on April 1, 1898, 550 miles from Dawson City, with 540 pounds of provisions to last them until July 1st, or until they could procure more, which will be the Lord only knows when.

To cover this 150 miles between the head of navigation on the Stikine River and Teslin Lake, the head of navigation on the Yukon River, in this way each man would have to travel a distance of 1050 miles, and in doing so haul 200 pounds on a sled a distance of 600 miles, and an empty sled 450 miles.

This is a proposition that confronts all here intending to go to Teslin Lake this winter, and it may well be for all who have so far come by this route that none will be able to reach the Klondike until the reluctant sun of another year has loosened the icy fetters of the lakes and rivers and made it possible for those who seek wealth beneath the midnight sun to do so with some hope that death will not be their only reward.

The gaunt spectre of starvation, disease and death stalks through that frozen land, and ere spring brings relief to them, many will have found graves beneath the moss that covers the golden grass roots of the Yukon Valley.

There were not provisions enough at Dawson City, when navigation closed on the Yukon River fall of 1897, to last the people who arrived there prior to July 1, and since that time they have been going there by river and overland trails by the thousands.

The trail between Telegraph Creek and Teslin Lake can be made a good route, and no doubt will be, by the provincial government of British Columbia, at the earliest possible date in the coming season.

Teslin Lake, which is in latitude 60 degrees north, has an altitude of 2400 feet above sea level. It is over 100 miles long and is one of the headwaters of the Great Yukon River, which is navigable from the head of Teslin Lake to its confluence with Bering Sea, a distance of 2200 miles.

STILL ON THE STIKINE TRAIL.
Telegraph Creek, B.C., Sept. 22nd, 1897.

"While George is getting dinner ready I will write you a few lines. This is a great place, no white women here a-tall, all squaws with lots of dogs of every kind and they will steal anything they can get hold of. A person can club them all he likes but if he shoots one the Indians kick about

it and are liable to do something mean. There are no deer here but some moose, caribou and mountain sheep. The mountains are very high and the snow stays on some of them the year around. We will have to stay here until the snow comes to get our outfit across to Teslin Lake as there are no pack horses available. --I don't expect to stay in this country over two years and if I have any good luck next summer will go home next fall. It is 150 miles to the nearest postoffice and we have had no chance to send letters out since we arrived. There is some fur in this vicinity, mink, otter, marten and fox and there are lots of bear along the Stikine River, but there is no range for horses along the river. Lots of Indians through this country make their living entirely by hunting and trapping, and some tribes have never seen more than half a dozen white people in their lives, only the traders at the posts along the river where they trade their furs for supplies. These tribes do not take money for fur; they have no use for money and do not know what it is. All they want is flour and such stuff, also some blankets and material for clothing. They are a queer lot of people. The water in the river is very muddy and it is full of big salmon but they are not edible at this time of year. The Indians live on dried salmon for the most part; they stand on the bank with a grab-hook and catch them by the hundred. In Teslin Lake where we will go this winter the water is clear and there are lots of big trout in it. I expect it will be frozen when we get there and will be unable to troll. The lake is about 100 miles long, nearly three times as long as Flathead Lake and they say there is timber all around it. I expect there will be a big town there some day, when there is a stage line or railroad across the 150 miles from the Stikine to it, and good steamers on both rivers. I got two large caribou skins to sleep on in the snow and will make our toboggans in a few days and be ready to start when snow comes.

It has been raining considerably lately and the Stikine has come up so that the Steamer Alaskan has been able to reach this point twice. She is here now having just arrived from Glenora. She has only made one trip from Wrangell since we came here and on account of the rise of the river has been able to go back and bring all her cargo, that was unloaded at var-

ious points on account of low water, to Telegraph Creek. The outfit that was to follow us with the "Caledonia," the Hudson's Bay Co's steamer I believe is not coming. That was the outfit we were waiting for as they had over 100 horses. There are four parties of Government Engineers here. People here think they are going to survey a pack trail or wagon road to Teslin Lake. They are going to make a survey for a railroad (McKenzie & Mann) but they are awfully slow. Here we have to take our chances on getting mail. There is no mail route provided for the winter and we will only receive mail through the courtesy of men coming up the river with dog teams, so I want you to write me all the news and send the clippings from the papers, addressed to me at Telegraph Creek, B.C. via Fort Wrangell, Alaska, and I will get it some time. Any letters that have gone to Dawson City for me will get in the spring of 1898. --Take good care of yourself. Don't take any chances where there is danger along the Whitefish River. Be a good boy and some day you will get a chance to see this whole country after they get some steamboats and railroads in it. I have not heard from you folks since I left Victoria."

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The next letter we had from Frank R. Miles was from Dawson City in the spring of 1898, but from other reports I can briefly recall that hard trek from Telegraph Creek to Teslin Lake:

Each man of the party carried an average of 3,000 pounds of outfit, of which 1,000 pounds was food, calculated to be enough to last a year. From Telegraph Creek the party tugged and hauled their supplies by hand 150 miles up and over the snow-clad, ice-bound, glacier-bound arctic slope, encountering unknown perils at every step.

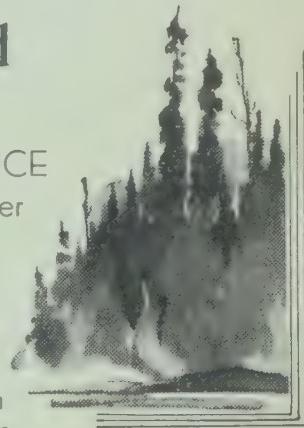
Arriving finally on the top of the mountains the party found the sources of rivers running north and knew then that they were going in the right direction and that by following some of these streams they would eventually reach the YUKON, the great white river that seldom gives up its dead. On the summit of the pass the party waited until the spring sun melted the streams, when they whipsawed trees into lumber and built boats. Teslin Lake is a still body of water, having little or no current, but they rigged up lug sails for their quaint craft, for and the little fleet took advantage of a steady south wind that carried them steadily along the 100 miles of Teslin Lake in four days time. Previous to this the party had followed ten miles of Long Lake to Teslin River, fifty miles to Teslin Lake, and then came the 100 miles across Teslin Lake, when they struck the Hootalinqua River (now known as the Teslin River.) Down this turbulent and falls-broken stream the party made its way meeting with fresh perils every few miles until they came to the Lewes River (now known as the Yukon), when they began to see deliverance before them. On this stretch of water Mr. Miles very nearly lost his life. His boat was one of the first of the fleet down the River Hootalinqua. Before making the start a party of men had been sent ahead to cut down and clear out overhanging and fallen trees, known as "sweepers." The tops and logs of these, in some instances had been left in the river, and when the high waters came they were carried into a jam half way down, over which the waters roared and seethed like in a caldron.

The first boat went over all right

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but Mr. Miles' boat struck a sunken log and was split in pieces, all his provisions, his rifle, mining instruments, in fact all his outfit going over. He was saved by grabbing fast to a log, and was taken off by another boat coming down, which ran in close enough to his perilous position to allow him to make a desperate leap for the boat, which he was fortunate enough to catch. (See letter later re this accident.)

Dr. Rogers related to Mr. Miles an incident of this trip, in which a man named Ivy was saved from drowning. He fell through an airhole in the ice while trying to get a drink. Another member of the party, quick-witted, grabbed a tent pole from his load and, running to the airhole below, arrived just in time to thrust it down to Ivy as his head bobbed up through the hole, and he was pulled out. After the man had regained his breath he fervently said "Thank God!" "Don't thank God; thank me," said his rescuer. "I was I who pulled you out."

Another time one man was pulling a sledge and another behind was pushing it with a stick. Suddenly the man in front felt that he was pulling all the load and looking behind, he saw a yawning hole in the ice, through which his friend had disappeared, never to return again.

These are some of the incidents of the Stikine Trail. There were many heartrending scenes. We would come across a couple of men hauling a dead man on a sledge. "Who is he?" we would ask. "We don't know," would be the reply, "some poor devil that we picked up." This poor devil was one of hundreds that left homes, wives and parents to wrest a fortune from the frozen north, never to return.

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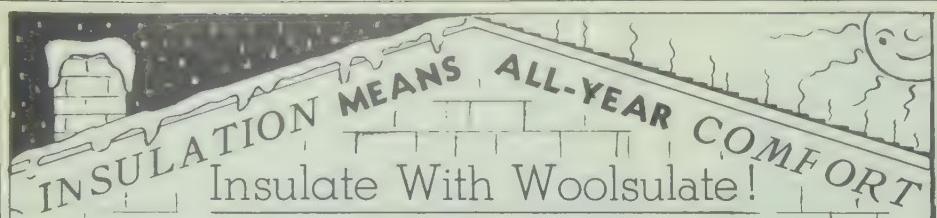
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THERE'S GOUGERS IN THEM THAR

HILLS

continued from page 7

choring in the store.

He was kinda small and good looking; sorter a dude he was, for he had his face all shaved and smooth. And something else too; something the likes of us at that time would have had a hard time imagining. That was, three pure solid gold teeth right in the front of his mouth! Yes sir, they were sure enough imitation teeth; the first I reckon that were ever seen in this here country. "Pivot" teeth, he said they were.

It was these teeth that made me take kindly to him I think, for you see they was mighty nice to look at, and he could have showed them plenty if he'd talked or laughed much. But he was just naturally quiet and modest like.

Well sir, things turned out pretty much as I'd expected, so far as there being no prospecting around my way. So all that summer I had things just the way I wanted it, with the valley all to myself. I had time to go far back into the hills and lay out some more territory which I reckoned I'd cover with more trap-line the following winter. Fix the cabin up a bit by putting some more bottles in the cracks between the logs for light, and cutting a supply of fire-wood.

About October she started to get kinda frosty, so I decided to get my stuff in for the winter, before it settled down proper. For you just don't know what a fall is going to turn out like in this country. You might think you're not going to have a flake of snow till December by all indications. Such as ducks hanging around, squirrels not getting in many spruce cones, and beaver not so busy. And you keep thinking the things you're going to do can be put off a little longer, because there's still lots of time. Then some morning you look out of your shack and there's a foot of snow and you don't see no more bare ground till

next May.

All these things I was thinking of as I hiked down to the store, and feeling kinda good too, because I felt I was a lot smarter than those chaps that was always depending on signs and then getting fooled. I was right in the middle of that kinda thinking when I came to a little opening by a beaver pond, and almost ran slap into a brand new cabin!

"Prospectors!" I was going to think, and then sorta hung fire, recollecting my mistake about the new settlement. So I just waited till I came up to the door, which was open, so as I could see there was someone inside. Then I got another surprise. There was a real, live white gal in that cabin. Yes sir, a white gal, and I'd been a-thinking it was the last thing I'd see without going clear down to the coast again.

The fall before, I'd come in thinking it would be years before I'd see civilization again, and now there was a chap at the store with genuine "joolry" teeth, and a white woman living right in my own valley.

It turned out these folks was an old chap about eighty years old and his daughter who was about twenty-five. And a fine-looking gal too, blue eyes, hair as yellow as a cottonwood leaf in October. And a prettier complexion I never did see, just the color of that stuff city women put on their cheeks; only she was that way all over from her hair to her shirt collar. They had come here to trap like myself.



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The old man had no sons, just this gal. He had raised her to take to the woods like himself, which was kinda handy. For the old chap was getting wobbly on his pins and wasn't much good for anything more but keeping the fire going or perhaps setting a weasel-trap. Linda, that was the girl's name, was kinda sensitive about having to do all the work for her pappy, when other white women didn't do much else than get themselves taken care of. Which probably was one of the reasons they had come so far from other folks.

Perhaps when you see the women the way they are now, you'd think it was pretty tough for Linda to have to be the main stand-by in taking care of the pair of them. But if you had known her, you wouldn't think it such a bad set-up at all, for Linda apart from her good looks was a sure 'nuff husky. I reckon she was a full two ax-handles high, and nearly one, wide. She could apck a yearling buck out of the woods on her back in one trip, and I'd seen her set a beaver trap with just her hands.

Living as they were in my valley, I naturally got pretty well acquainted with them, and used to take a walk down once in a while to see how Linda was coming along with her trapping. I even went down to the store with her a time or two that winter. It was then I began to see why the old man hadn't needed to keep his old muzzle-loader handy to put the run on a crowd of jaspers that might have been hanging round, considering his daughter was the only white gal within a hundred miles. For at the store I could see plain enough Linda didn't have to tell a man twice that it was no use his horning in.

However, when Linda and me was at the store the following spring, I suddenly noticed something that made me prick up my ears and kinda test the wind a bit. At other times when we had been at the store I noticed Linda and the clerk with the teeth, Ed his name was, used to stand kinda close together at times, not saying anything maybe, but just sorta satisfied like. Like two horses you might be able to stand in the same stall without kicking.

I'd been a-thinking of that couple and what they might be thinking about each other for quite a spell, but decided Ed wasn't too much interested in Linda, or was kinda scaredy. For you could have seen that if he was out to spark her, he could easy have got

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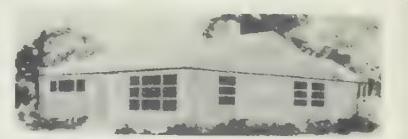


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in a smile or two, just by way of showing that joolry of his. Yet all that winter, he had been as soleum with her as ever. But on this particular day he was sure different.

Maybe it was because it being spring, with all those robins hopping around and the new grass starting to come, and most of us feeling the better for the warm weather, on account of not having to cut so much wood to keep the shacks warm. Anyway, whatever it was, it sure was different with those two that day.

For the first time I noticed Ed did grin, right when Linda was looking at him too. Yes sir, a dozen times if he did it once, and that girl sure did seem interested. And then, when we started to leave, you could see by the way he helped her with her pack, and the nice affectionate way he put the last twenty-pound sack on her back as we were ready to go. You can bet they thought they had something pretty secret between them, but they wasn't fooling me none. I could see it all as plain as a snow-shoe track in a new fall of snow!

Well sir, that's all there was to it, but it was a sure enough "love set-up", from then on. I don't know about that sort of stuff myself, so I didn't pay much attention to their goings-on after that, much. Though of course, I couldn't help thinking over it at times and wondering how these things all come about. There she was, big and beautiful, such as could get any man in these parts, taking to a little shrimp who didn't even do a man's work. And then you would think a man like Ed would've thought a heap more of some city lady, that would've worn town clothes like himself and kept her hair all funny like, and would wait for him to carry the wood in, so as not to spoil her hands.

Then there was the question of how they was going to live if they decided to get hooked up. Linda's old man needed considerable takin' care of, and it was kinda hard to say if she would take on the double load of rustling for both men. For it was a cinch Linda wasn't the kind to move into the settlement and put everything on Ed! This is about where I'd get all tied up in straightening things out for them, and get tired and decide that it was their business anyway, so let it go at that.

Well, sure enough, they did get fixed up, even before the summer was over too. Not by anything they thought up, but just by natural happening; that is, by the old man kicking the bucket. Yes sir, nice and quiet too, just went to bed he did and never woke up again.

In those times there wasn't much fuss made over anyone pegging out; such as having to have a doctor open him up to see what he died of, and writing out a certificate to prove he

was dead. No sir, just as long as a chap died nice and peaceful like, you could go right ahead and plant him without a peep out of anybody.

So they buried the old man a little



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ways from the cabin, and had the Parson, who had been staying at the settlement for a few days, read a service over him; which considering everything, was a pretty good send-off. And then since the Parson was leaving in a couple of days, and was not likely to be around again for a year or so maybe Ed and Linda decided to have him attend to their other business as well. So was hooked up right before all of us on the same day.

After that was all over, Ed quit his job in the store and come to live in the cabin with Linda. Which didn't surprise me much either, for you see she had got kinda used to looking after someone and just couldn't see her way clear to go to the settlement where she wouldn't have no rustling to do, and have a little chap like Ed to put up the grub-stake. And doing it this way, it wasn't much of a change for her; just kinda like trading. She'd lost her old man, who she was so used to looking after it was kinda a habit, and had taken on Ed, who she still could rustle for. So she could go on nice and contented as she always had. Considering they had a nice snug cabin and lots of fire-wood trees handy, and enough fur animals within trapping distance to keep them going for years and years.

But it is usually the case, when you see people contented and settled so you might expect to see them at the same spot ten years later, that something crops up and knocks the props right from under them. Just like you might have noticed a bunch of beaver with a dam on some creek, that has been standing the high water so well for year after year, that they've built extra big houses, and dug extra waterways all over, so as to make it handy to get in their winter's feed. And you can just tell they were beginning to think they were fixed up for raising grandchildren.

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Then next year spring is pretty late in starting and when she does come, it's so hot and melting that all that snow-water tries to get down the creek in a couple of days. And next time you see your beaver town, it simply isn't there anymore, and those poor critters are just so plumb disgusted they pull right out, and it may be years before you see them put in a dam in that particular spot again.

It was just like that, with that couple, Ed and Linda. There they was as I've said, all so settled and contented with themselves and everything else in general, that you would have thought nothing short of a land-slide could have moved them.....

And then Alphonse had to show up!!!

That Alphonse, I reckon, was about the richest and handsomest man that ever struck the Fraser River, and just about the orneriest and worst too. He was taller than most of us, and pretty hefty as well. And he sure was good-looking. Eyes--big and brown as a black bear; lots of long brown hair; teeth, big and even, and white as those of a three-year-old colt. And then that mustache--it sure was a dandy! Shining and brown too, like his hair, and hung down over each side of them white teeth of his, like two over-sized mink tails.

And, of course, being rich, he was always dressed in the best bang-up outfit of clothes, nuggets could buy, even in 'Frisco--where he was from. Not dude clothes either, for he had too much savvy to take on anything as wouldn't be useful, no sir; but still all first-class stuff, from that sombrero hat, to those knee-high boots of his, with the silver pieces all over them.

He had stacked up plenty of money in California, but like most men as has all they need for their natural comfort, still hankered for a little more, which had brought him to the Fraser, where he was looking around, and horning in wherever a new prospect-hole was dug.

It just happened he was at the store while on one of his trips up the river when Linda blew in for some stuff she needed I happened to be there too, and I could see right at that moment he had taken a big notion to her, and seemed real peeved and disappointed when after an hour of strutting like a blue grouse in the spring, she still didn't appear to have noticed how superior he was. I allow, he could put on a good act too, at being distinguished. Sweeping that big hat of his off, and bowing till his head was on the level with his middle, and then standing straight and dignified, while he gently stroked that mustache of his.

But Linda didn't pay no attention to him whatsoever. It seemed to surprise him plenty too, he being kinda

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used to having a lot of fuss made over him. Most any other chap, after the first round, would have let it go at that, and gone on minding his own business. But this here Alphonse was different, being a whole lot spoiled by having his own way most of the time, like lots of rich folks you come across.

So I was not surprised, when instead of going on up the river as he had intended, he hatched up an excuse for hanging round the settlement, and then began making trips up the creek to Ed and Linda's cabin.

Now, that's what showed me he was a bad and evil man, because if he was decent, he wouldn't have bothered no woman after seeing she had a husband, and just didn't need any of his fine talk and bowing. But he kept up all his smart ways with Linda even after he saw Ed. He just didn't pay no attention to him at all; just laughed kinda nasty like and pretended Ed wasn't there.

Then all of a sudden he pulled out which made me feel a lot better, for I had been expecting he was upto mischief of some sort, knowing chaps like him just don't swallow opposition very easily.

Well, he left alright, but that wasn't the last of him--not by a long shot! My first hunch about his kind not being satisfied to stand being bucked was right. For along some time in October when we were getting an inch or so of snow once in a while, which is pretty good for tracking, here comes that Alphonse again. He let on he was going to do some hunting, and made himself a camp right here in the valley.

Now for folks who don't know much about hunting, and the way different sorts of men go about it, it might seem alright and proper for a chap to go up in the jack pine all by his lonesome for a week or two, the same as you or I might; so wouldn't have thought much different about Alphonse camping by himself. But you see, I had known a thing or two in the way fellows with lots of money, go about hunting. So he wasn't fooling me. If it was only hunting he was up to, you would have seen him with a dozen others like himself, a string of pack-horses, a cook, and a couple of guides to point out the game for them, and enough camp junk to start a hotel.

Well sir, he was camped there a week or more without anything happening, and I was beginning to think maybe my hunch was wrong, after all. It was just at the time when I was busy getting my traps out for the winter, and I had come across his tracks a couple of times, which sure enough, looked like he was scouting around for a deer or something. Then it kind of struck me, that his tracks almost always was heading for the high mountains above the valley, just as if he might have been thinking of getting a crack at a billygoat or sheep maybe.

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All this time, as I said, I was pretty busy with the traps, and was so darned interested in finishing a few last sets on my longest line one afternoon, I had not noticed how late it was getting. "Well," thinks I, "there's a pretty good moon tonight so won't have much trouble keeping on the trail," so I finished up my last lynx-set and got my pipe going and started for the shack, feeling kinda satisfied with myself at having got all through with the line that day.

Perhaps I had been hiking for an hour or more, with the moon overhead as bright as on any winter's broad day-light, when all of a sudden, I heard something coming through the willows at the creek right ahead of me.

Of course, I wasn't a bit scary, on account of there not being anything that might take after me, so I just waited till whatever critter it might be, would come out into the open... Well sir, you can imagine my surprise when out stepped Alphonse.

At first I calculated he'd got lost, so thought of giving him a holler to let him know I was there. Then I got a good look at his map in the moonlight and kept quiet, for he was wearing a grin that showed he wasn't lost or scared, or anything of the sort. No sir, he looked just plain satisfied. It was the sort of look a chap has, when he finds something he's been looking for for a long time and had been beginning to think he would never make it. Even as he started on down my side of the creek, I could hear him kinda snicker to himself.

For quite a spell I had been feeling uneasy and jumpy every time I'd see or hear anything about this big jasper. And after seeing him on the trail and hearing that snicker of his, I couldn't help worrying about just what he'd been upto, and what he might be lining up for. I had a sure hunch too, it would have something to do with Ed and Linda.

That hunch stuck right with me all that evening, even after I had washed up the supper dishes and rolled into my bunk. So I thinks I'll get some sleep, and if that idea is still sticking in my crop in the morning, I'll take a mosey down the valley in the afternoon, just to make sure everything is alright. Well, sure enough, next morning the very first thing that come into my head was a picture of that Alphonse grinning to himself in the moonlight.

Being kinda tuckered out from the long hike the day before, I was late getting up that morning, so by the

time I had eaten breakfast and straightened things up for the day, I wasn't very early getting started down the creek. And it was getting on in the afternoon, before I came to Ed and Linda's cabin.

There was no smoke coming out the stove pipe. I noticed that right away, being sorta on the lookout for those kind of signs. The door was closed, but I was feeling so darned sure that something was up, I just pushed right in without knocking.

Well sir, the first thing I saw was Ed, and he sure did look as if he'd been rough-housed. He had a big bandage around his head, that made him look like some of those Hindu fellows you've seen in pictures, and big red marks down his face and neck, like he had had a bullet-mold spilled on him. Then he opened his mouth to say something, and I saw the worst sight I ever did see without having the "snakes" ... Those nice shiny gold teeth of his were gone!

Yes sir, they'd been knocked right out, and there wasn't nothing but three sharp spikes sticking down, which made him look like a three-toothed

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"rattler." He couldn't talk so plain, but all the same I was able to get the drift of what had happened.

That morning he and Linda had got up a little on the early side, so she could finish getting some sets fixed up, that was a long peice from the cabin. And after Linda was gone, Ed went to the creek for a pail of water, and as he was kinda bending over the water hole, that big bruiser of an Alphonse jumped right atop of him. And the next thing Ed knew he was tied up so tight with a raw-hide rope, he hadn't room to even work his mind. Then that big polecat went into the cabin and wrote something on a piece of paper for Linda to see. And then threw that poor harmless little cuss on his back and hiked it for the mountains, where I'd seen those tracks of his heading for, sometime back. Ed, of course, didn't weigh so much, so that the big fellow made pretty good headway, and it wasn't long before he'd got out of the valley and way up on the steep sidehills. Then he come to a sort of a deep-cut trail, that appeared to have been in use lately, and after picking out a good-sized tree just alongside it, he tied Ed to it and marched off.

I guess Alphonse was so darned tickled with the way things were going his way, and was in such a hurry to get that dirty-work of his over with, he didn't notice how Ed got slammed around as he was packed through the jack pine. And I suppose Ed might not have either, till he found himself wound up to that tree. Of course, he didn't know just what was supposed to happen, but it was colder than was comfortable, so he started to squirm around to see if there was any part of the raw-hide rope that might slack off a bit. Then he discovered why his mouth felt so queer. Those gold front teeth were gone. And the spikes that had held them were sticking into a strand of raw-hide that was pulled over his mouth.

Later, when he had time to consider it, Ed must have felt pretty blue over losing those fine gold teeth of his, but

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at the time he was anchored to that tree, thinking he was going to freeze to death, and then feeling the way those spikes cut into the raw-hide, he wouldn't have wanted them back again for all the gold on the Fraser.

With those spikes, he cut through that rope like a bushrat would go through a gunny sack. And in fifteen minutes, he was free as a billygoat on that mountain top.

For a little while, he was afraid to make a run for it, in case Alphonse might still be sticking around. But when he got to thinking of what Alphonse might have put on that paper for Linda to see, and how she might be worrying about him, he took a chance, and went a-streaking down that mountain side like a red squirrel that you just let out of a weasel trap. Not knowing that he was heading for the worst mess of misfortune and misunderstanding of his whole life.

When that evil-intentioned Alphonse ran off with Ed that morning, he had figured it to look to Linda, that her man had run out on her. You'll have to allow, he was pretty noticing, when it came to sizing up folks and things he was interested in. And while he was hanging around, he had seen that Linda was not very handy with reading and writing, her old man having kept her in the woods from the time she was knee-high. But she could savvy anything you wanted her to, if you drew pictures of it. Alphonse, being onto this made a pretty nifty picture, which she was supposed to think was made by Ed. It showed a little shrimp with a big pack on his back, and pointing a long something or other, in the direction of a big figure "S". This I reckon, was to show Ed was pulling out. The "S" was supposed to mean south, where he was going. That would have been down the valley.

Of course slickers like Alphonse, who get to feeling pretty smart, can't

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get to figgering that other folks might see things in a different way. And that's what happened here.

When Linda came back to the cabin and found that note, the fire out, and Ed gone, she got to puzzling that picture out. She figured the long thing in the little man's hand must be a fishing pole, and the big "S" was a ling-fish—it being about the time they would bite down in the lake. Of course they're kinda snakey, so's they could twist around like the "S" on the paper. And this tickled her considerable, seeing as how she'd worked up a pretty good appetite on the extra long hike, and always having a liking for those ling anyway. So she got the fire going and put on a big skillet with lots of grease in it, so as to be all ready to fry up a feed of those ling when Ed come back.

Of course, Ed didn't know nothing about all this, and when he came busting in pretty late, and with no fish, Linda having a hair-trigger temper at times, went clean off the handle proper. She didn't notice at all that Ed had been in a jam, and had been all cracked up in front. She just up with that skillet of hot grease and knocked him cold. Then hoisted it right out to the settlement, and on down the river, and was nearly as far as Yale, before Ed caught up with her, and straightened things out. Then she was so gosh darned ashamed of her peeve, she just didn't ever come back, and that's the last folks around here ever saw of either of them.

But that's getting away ahead of my story.

When I saw Ed that day in the cabin with those shiny teeth of his all knocked out and all burnt from the grease, and all that misunderstanding and Linda gone; and all on account of that low-down Alphonse, I saw red proper!

Being a peaceful cuss, and liking to mind my own business, it takes a powerful lot to get me riled up. But I

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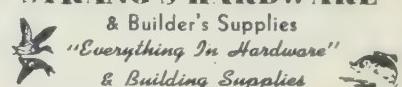
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was murdering mad that day, and I just picked up that old smooth-bore gun I'd been toting, and rammed twelve buck-shot into it and says I to myself, "I'm going to pick up the trail of that grinning smart-aleck polecat of an Alphonse, and fill him so full of holes, his hide won't hold swamp-grass."

It was getting kinda late, but I was so darned mad, I just couldn't wait till morning, and besides, as I've said the moon was full grown and coming out pretty early at that time. So I took Ed's back-track from up towards the mountains, just to sorta get a lay of things, calculating I could pick up Alphonse's trail from there.

It seemed a long way up, but I finally come to that tree where Ed had been tied up. Sure enough, there was the marks on the bark, where that raw-hide rope had been. But there just wasn't any rope in sight. "Some critter must have eaten it," I allowed, and then I commenced to look at the trail, and the tracks as was on it, and right then I got the whole savvy of that low-down Alphonse's scheme. . . . That was a SIDE-HILL GOUGER'S trail, and there was fresh gouger's tracks on it too.

Now you young fellows, I'll allow probably don't know much as to what that meant, or as to what those side-hill gougers was like, for they were getting right scarce, long before you were ever thought of. Though of course, there was a plenty of them up there on the mountain sides at that time. Just what they happened from is kinda hard to tell. But I reckon they was a sort of grizzly bear that had lived on them mountain sides so darn long, that his legs on one side had got shorter than the ones on the other side, so as he could travel along level as long as he went in the same direction. Of course, having to keep up on the mountain all the time, pickings wasn't always so good, so he sure didn't pass up anything he could swallow, which made him about the most cantankerous, cross-grained critter you could possible meet up with.

They wasn't so dangerous, however, for the likes who savvied them. You see they could only go in one direction, and if you saw one a-making for you, and you could get past him, he couldn't get at you till he ran clear around the mountain. But there were two kinds of them, the right-handers, and the left-handers. The one with the short legs on the right side, naturally had to circle like the way the sun goes, and the ones with the short legs had to go the other way. So when you glimpsed one, you had to size him up right pronto, to see what kind he was, before you started your get away.

And as I was saying, that was a sure 'nuff gouger's trail, that Ed had been tied alongside of. And I could see

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then, what Alphonse had been up to when he pitched his camp in the valley, and had been scouting around on the mountains. I must allow, he was a long-headed cuss, with all his orneriness, and he hadn't been long in getting a hunch there was gougers on that there mountain. And when he'd found that trail, he stuck around till he got the right lay of the gouger that used it, as to being a right or left-hander, and just how long it usually took him to go around the mountain and be back at the same time again. Then when he'd got that settled, he just went and

grabbed that poor little Ed and tied him to that tree, reckoning the gouger would soon disappear him. Then with Linda thinking her man had walked out on her, after seeing that paper in the cabin, he probably thought he'd have a better chance with her. And even if he didn't make more headway, it would tickle that polecat nature of his to think of getting away with his revenging so dog-gone slick.

You can calculate, that's just what was on his mind, when he left Ed tied to the tree and walked along the hill-side to a spot where he could wait and watch that gouger go by. Then you could just see by his tracks, how satisfied he felt with everything, even to going up the gouger's trail, after he saw it had passed, and was on its way to where Ed was supposed to be waiting for it. And then getting his pipe out to have a nice peaceful smoke all to himself. It was just about that particular moment, that he must have found out that there can be some mighty big slip-ups right at the last moment, in the best scheme as was ever hatched up.

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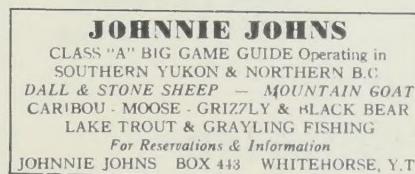
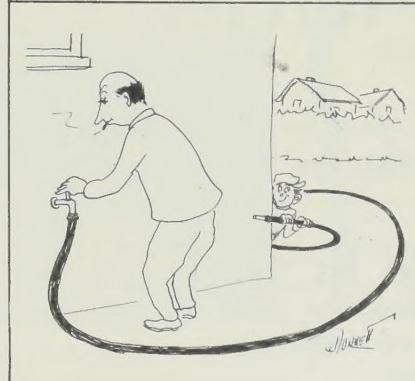
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Yes sir, right when he was in the middle of that smoke, without his ever dreaming of it, a land-slide happened not a quarter of a mile away, which carried a left-hand gouger, that had a trail up the mountain a piece, slam bang on to the right-hander's trail. Being a cantankerous animal to begin with, his disposition wasn't likely much improved by tumbling down with all those rocks and dirt of the slide, so when he come up the right-hander's trail and onto Alphonse, you can bet he didn't waste much time on him.

It's kinda hard for me to say if I was disappointed or glad, to find that the gouger had got Alphonse before I did, for I sure had been spoiling to put them twelve buck-shot into that no-good carcass of his. But when I did get to where he had been last, he just didn't have no carcass to do anything with. There was that big black hat of his, and his pipe half smoked. And that big brown mink-tail mustache of his, laying there on the snow. But as to Alphonse himself? Well sir, that gouger had eaten him right level with the tops of those big knee-high boots of his.



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"DE LATE KLUSH MUCK-A-MUCK"
continued from page 5

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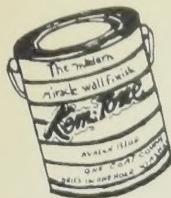
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